

# NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

## Solve the Ciphers Used by Yeggmen



WASHINGTON—Here is a unique receipt for "soup":

"First, take about ten or a dozen mepwrls, xug, crumble it up fine and put it in a pan or wash bowl, then pour over it enough uswhols (either shx or aky) to cover it well. Stir it up well with your hands, being careful to break all the lumps; leave it set for a few minutes; then get a few rards of cheesecloth and tear it in pieces and strain the mixture through the cloth into another vessel, wring the sawdust dry and throw it away. The remains will be Lhat ugr uswhols mixed; next take the same amount of water as you used of uswhols and pour it in; leave the whole set for a few minutes."

It is the "soup" of yeggmen, whose particular business is robbing safes. A crude cipher runs through the rigmarole—merely a subdivision of the alphabet and the substitution of one letter for another. The first six letters beginning with A are substituted for the last six beginning with U, and so on, with the single exception that N is taken out of its turn and made the equivalent of G, an irregularity intended to protect the cipher from detection. But no cipher is proof against expert analysis; certainly not this one, which, though still used by "yeggmen," nevertheless is known to the police, to post office inspectors and the treasury secret service people.

Translating, you find that to make the soup you take ten or a dozen sticks of dynamite and use either wood or pure alcohol in the manner directed.

Fewer depredations by yeggmen are reported this year than usual. Last all a series of such crimes occurred and since that time apparently there has been a period of inactivity among these most dangerous of plunderers. The post office inspectors, whose contact with yeggmen is frequent, since he attacks are often directed against country post offices, hesitate to say

whether there has been an actual reduction in their numbers; for experience goes to show that waves of crime seem to sweep the country after intervals of varying length.

The "yeggmen" are especially feared because of their recklessness regarding the sacrifice of human life. Of itself, handling the "soup" is a dangerous business. The explosion is a menace to anyone in the building, and often the robbers must make a running fight of it to "make a get-away with the swag."

This specialty of highwayman has been discussed at several meetings of the International Association of Police Chiefs. Everything new in the form of ciphers or other methods applied by the "yeggmen" learned by one police authority is immediately passed on to his fellows elsewhere. If one such crime is committed at one place, no one can foretell where the next will occur.

The name is of gypsy origin, and among gypsies indicates a clever thief so the "yegg" is a wandering thief, generally a "hobo." As late as twenty years ago one tramp meeting another and desiring to be sure of his identity as a professional tramp, saluted him, "Ho, heau." It was the password establishing at once a confidential partnership on a basis approaching out-lawry. The "yeggmen" generally are tramps, though not all tramps are "yeggmen."

They work in bands of from four to six men. The best appearing member of the group is sent ahead to the town where a robbery is planned. He is called a "key cut" in the lingo of this choice fraternity. Masquerading either as a salesman or a beggar, he reconnoiters the bank or post office, ascertains about the police protection, learns how the place is lighted and gathers information about freight train schedules, the location of hand cars, or of places where horses can be stolen to assist in escaping. A dark night, usually in the season when the nights are longest, is selected.

After the robbery, horses, stolen teams, hand cars or the trucks of freight trains are used for the escape. Usually the gang breaks up, one going one way and the other another, rendezvous for a later date having been agreed upon.

## Blind Man Tells of Baseball Game



IMAGINE, if you can, one who has never seen the light of day, sitting in his accustomed place in the grand stand routing with all his energy for the success of the home team, and you can easily figure out just why Washington always supports a ball team, though her ball tossers have not finished in the first division during the last decade.

Eugene Brewerton, familiarly known to his friends as "Jack," has perhaps the widest acquaintance among the patrons of the national game at the capital as "Gabby" Street or Walter Johnson, and is unquestionably the most unique rooter who ever patronized the sport. "Jack" was born in Columbus, S. C., 24 years ago, and after receiving a public school education matriculated at the University of South Carolina. He came to Washington five years ago to study law at the Georgetown University, and it is his ambition to become as famous a lawyer as he is blind senator from Oklahoma, Thomas Pryor Gore.

But "Jack" does not believe in giv-

ing his entire attention to study, and, accordingly, he has found it to his liking to take in the ball games. Not only is he familiar with every characteristic of the members of the local team, but he knows as well the records and playing abilities of the visiting aggregations.

"I have often been asked how, as a blind man, I can enjoy a game. Why, there is nothing going on I don't get. I know the finer points of the game, and can map out plays which I think Jim McAlleer in his palmist days could not duplicate. Don't you think it is a pleasure to see chips of the Milan type skip around the diamond? I cannot help from yelling every time I see him completing the circuit. Then there is Speaker of the Boston team, and Cobb of the Tigers. How I love to 'watch' them in action!"

"It is my firm belief that all blind people have a sort of intuition, and everything that is going on around them makes a picture in their mind. That is the way it appears to me, anyhow. I can sit in the grand stand in the ball park and picture what Walter Johnson and the rest of the players look like."

"When the game is over, I don't have the least trouble getting to the street car. I can feel my way along the grand stand and reach the street."

## Attempt to Stop Infantile Paralysis



TROUBLED by the throats of the disease is making in some of the eastern states at the present time, the government has ordered an investigation into the epidemic of infantile paralysis. New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and the city of Washington, D. C., have felt the disease the heaviest this year, and the scores of deaths that have occurred among the little ones of that district has caused Uncle Sam to take some action.

Dr. Wyman of the Public Health and Marine hospital service, is the leader in the investigation, and he made the announcement this week that he believes the disease to be both infectious and contagious. Although

the disease is often fatal, its appalling feature is that many children affected are permanently crippled or deformed, robbed of speech or hearing. In a word, infantile paralysis is not a slaughter but a mutilation of the innocents. The disease commonly attacks children under five years of age, but occasionally an adult is its victim.

His shining mark at this minute in the east is William Hinrich, a pitcher of the Washington American league in Washington, and his entire right arm is paralyzed. At the present time there are over 500 cases of the disease in Washington alone, while Philadelphia and New York city reports even greater numbers. Nothing is known of the cause of the disease other than that it is believed to come from a germ, but even these have not yet been found. The disease usually appears during June, reaches its greatest prevalence during July and August and subsides in September.

## Government Prisoners Go in Style



THE Leavenworth Overland Special is a palatial Pullman car which runs every now and then from Washington to a certain rest cure out west with a stone wall around it. The tours are personally conducted and are rapidly becoming famous. Every one in awhile your Uncle Sam runs across certain persons who, he believes, are leading a too active existence. A rest cure is what they need. Uncle Sam takes charge of them and sends them, after certain legal formalities, such as a trial and verdict are compiled with, out to Leavenworth to recuperate. With Uncle Samuel there is no class

distinction. Deeds count. It doesn't matter whether he is a "man higher up" or not. He travels like one. He travels to the golden west in a Pullman, he has porters to wait on him and extremely attentive detectives to see that he is comfortable. He lolls in plush swivel chairs and he dines in those neat little la carte Pullman buffets on chicken, porthouse steak, and all the side dishes. He eats what he pleases and he does not let the waiter, neither does he pay the bill. Uncle Sam attends to that. It is a delightful trip that is furnished him in his concluding days of freedom—days he is not likely to forget.

From Washington to Leavenworth is a trip of more than 1,500 miles. On every mile of the journey the wants of Uncle Sam's prisoners and guards are well catered to, as evidenced by the hampers of chicken, beef, ham, eggs, sardines and so on, down to the most esthetic delights of the tourist library.

# REX DENHAM'S LUCK

By CLAUDINE SISSON

It was ten o'clock in the evening, and Rex Denham was strolling about the streets and smoking and thinking. He had landed from an ocean liner that day. He had been two years abroad to forget things. He asked himself if he had succeeded, and he shook his head and sighed.

There was a woman in question. When men lose money they curse. When a man loses the woman he loves he sighs. It's not a matter for even his most confidential friends. He must fight it out alone.

No; he had not forgotten. She probably had, just as thousands of other women had. Had he been too busy in speaking the words that brought on the quarrel?

"If you charge me with that I never want to see your face again!" she had said.

When a lover thinks he has a rival it is really worse than if he knows it to be a fact and can meet him. Was she a coquette? Was she flirting? Was it true, as some persons had whispered, that she gloried in breaking men's hearts? He had asked himself the question in London—Paris—Berlin—on the land and on the sea, but he had never answered it to his own satisfaction. He was asking it again tonight as he sauntered and smoked.

A girl ten or twelve years old walked rapidly past him. He saw her only as he had seen hundreds of others. She was thirty feet ahead of him when a man sprang out of a dark doorway and seized her and grabbed at the poor little purse in her hand. At her first scream for help the smother leaped forward. He reached over the shoulder of the struggling girl and grasped the man by the throat and then struck with his cane. The released victim retreated to the curbstone and stood to watch the affair. She enjoyed it. She grinned and smiled.

"Say, let up, will you?" called the man after a minute. "I thought it

"Why, the lady who paints pictures and can't sell them afterwards. She's got a room in our house. She's four weeks behind on her rent, and almost starving to death. She's so thin you can see through her, and when she ain't painting she's crying."

"Seems to be a sad case."

"You bet! Heap sadder case than mine was a few minutes ago. Say, if you are a gent you ought to go up and see her. She's your style. She's a born lady. She talks so big we can't hardly understand her. Oh, she's been top of the heap, but had to come down. I guess it's what they call a romance. Mobbe she wouldn't see you, though. She never sees strangers."

"And her name?" asked Denham, without much interest.

"We call her the painter lady, but one day she told me I might call her Bab."

"What? What?"

"Say, don't scare a girl to death. Lawds! but I showed my heart that time. Yes, I call her Bab—Miss Bab. I ain't light 'nuff up to call her Bab alone. Twouldn't be manners."

"Can you describe her?"

"Blue eyes, chestnut hair, white teeth, and a real lady. One of my shoes would make a pair for her. Got slim hands. Never uses slang. Goes without eatin' two days and then pretends she isn't a bit hungry. If I was a gent like you I'd go up and see a lady like her. If you'll come with me I'll introduce you. I'll say: 'Miss Bab, this is the gent as saved your last ten cents and gave a fellow the awfulest kick you ever saw.'"

There had been a young lady named Bab two years before. She was hundreds of miles away when Rex Denham last saw her. She had a widowed mother who was fairly well off. Bab's father, the name spoken stirred him. In there was a Bab in trouble she should have said. If the girl's description was correct—

"Got to go into the butcher shop after mutton to make broth," said his companion. "They might give you the guy if you went in with me. Don't make a sneak while I'm in there."

She found Denham waiting when she came out. It would have taken two stalwart policemen to move him on.

"Say," said the girl, "crackers go with mutton broth, but I haven't the cash. Butcher got it all and then said I was too chinch besides. Want to buy 'em for Bab?"

Denham accompanied her to a delicatessen store and filled a basket with goodies, and then insisted on carrying it home for her. She walked along beside him with her head held very high, and when spoken to by a girl she knew her answer reply was:

"Anna, can't you see I am walking with a real gentleman?"

The mother could tell little more than the daughter. It was a cheap rooming house. Yes, the painter lady was a lady. It was easy enough to see that. She was something of an artist, but her pictures would not sell. She had sold most of her wardrobe, but had fallen behind. The description was right.

"And not a word to her," said Denham. "She'll ask, but make no explanations. Coax her to eat and get strong. Cheer her up a bit. Take this money and buy whatever she thinks she can eat. If she doesn't improve we'll have a doctor. I'll send in wine from the drug store, and to-morrow evening I'll call again."

"Ma, don't you see how it is?" said the girl to her puzzled parent. "We take in a lady. She can't pay. She comes down to hard-pan. I take her last ten cents to get her mutton for broth, and she meets a gent who rescues me and comes and kicks a loaf. Straight as a bee-line, ma. I tell the gent the lady is Bab, and he can't stand still. Romance, ma—romance! Romance, and I am in it! You are going to see high links around this hotel."

Denham came on the morrow. He came on the next day and the next. On the third day Miss Bab was reported better and he went up softly to find her trying to work. He was not introduced. There was no need of it. It was two hours before he came down and announced that the landlady was to lose her roomer.

In two hours much can be told—many misapprehensions set right. The two years had seen death—chicanery—false friends—illness, despair—poverty, but a brighter day had dawned. As the carriage drove away the landlady's daughter began to sniffle.

"And what's the matter with you?" was asked.

"Just my luck. If I hadn't told him about Miss Bab he'd have married me!"

## FACES DEATH TO SAVE HORSE

Bessie M. Baker, a clever young horsewoman of Lynn, Mass., is so devoted to her horse that she faced death lately rather than take the chance of losing him. She looked straight into the barrel of a revolver held by a bandit and clung to the bridle of the horse, though she was threatened with instant death if she did not drop it. Wasil Iwankowski, a Russian bandit, who, with two others, lately killed a shoe manufacturer and started to run away with \$15,000 in coin and bills, rushed down one of the main thoroughfares revolver in hand. In front of the home of Charles Baker, city official and former member of the state legislature, he saw a horse waiting for Miss Baker. He rushed up and grabbed the bridle from the groom. He started to mount, but Miss Baker darted from the house, grabbed the bridle, which by that time was stained with blood from a wound which the bandit had received, and started to scream. The robber pointed the revolver at her and threat-

ened to shoot if she did not drop it. Miss Baker pluckily held the bridle and screamed all the louder, finally forcing the bandit to take to his heels.

Your Body. The human skull and the lower limbs each contain 30 bones. The globe of the eye is moved by 6 muscles. The normal weight of a human liver is between three and four pounds. The human skeleton, exclusive of the teeth, consists of 208 bones. Each ear has four bones. The wrist contains eight bones, the palm of the hand five, and the fingers 14. There are over 300 muscles in the human body.—Toledo News-Bea.

Not Attractive. "That show is a fraud." "What do you mean?" "Ah, it advertised 'The Girl Diver' as one of the sensational acts." "Well, didn't she appear?" "Yes—in a regulation diving suit—rubber, helmet and all that."

# THE BOWDITCH CAST

Original Design From Which Statue Was Made.

Counterfeit Presentation of the American Navigator is Real Model of First Bronze Statue Done in This Country.

Boston.—In the spacious vestibule of that venerable and interesting institution, the Boston Athenaeum, the statue of a large proportions that is the first object to attract the eye of the visitor as he enters. This figure, seated there so calm and reposeful, is the counterfeit presentation of a noted American, a son of Massachusetts, and as such it is interesting, but aside from the great man that it represents the statue has an historical significance, its chief claim to distinction lying in the fact, as the visitor may learn by reading a small inscription attached to it, that it is the original plaster cast of the first bronze statue made in America.

The figure is that of Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, the great navigator, and the renowned mathematician and astronomer. The bronze statue of which this is the plaster cast, stands in Mount Auburn cemetery, surrounded by an iron fence, one of the most conspicuous pieces of sculpture within that beautiful city of the dead. Nathaniel Bowditch was an Englishman, who came to this country in 1829, landing in New York. A little later he came to Boston and settled in Dorchester, where he made his home up to the time of his death in 1868.

The Bowditch statue, as shown in



Original Bowditch Model.

the plaster cast, represents the navigator seated in a heavy chair. He has a noble, intellectual head and a fine dreamy face. He is attired in knee breeches and dressing gown of ample folds. On the right knee is a large volume, intended, no doubt to represent his great work to navigation, with his right hand resting upon it. At his left, besides the chair, is a globe and sextant. On the other side of the chair are more books. The base bears this inscription: "Executed by Nathaniel Bowditch, 1847."

Nathaniel Bowditch, who was a native of Salem, died in Boston in 1868. For some years before his death he and the sculptor Hughes were close friends. Bowditch was an extraordinary genius. At ten years of age he had mastered the elements of his parents' forced him to leave school and from twelve to twenty-one he was an apprentice in a ship chandler's shop. Then he passed nine years at sea, finally becoming master of a ship. After quitting his nautical life he made his home in Boston and devoted himself to learning and science. He gained a pretty full knowledge of the Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Portuguese and German languages, made himself the most eminent mathematician and astronomer that America had produced, and did more for the reputation of his country among men of science in Europe than had been done by any other man, except perhaps Benjamin Franklin.

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Benjamin Franklin. The plow shown in the accompanying cut has no iron in it except the plowshare and the bolt pinning it. The framework is all fastened with wooden pegs. This relic is owned today in Houserville, N. Y.

Among those in the United States who contributed to the development of the plow were Thomas Jefferson and Daniel Webster. Webster, it will be recalled, took a great interest in things agricultural and often went into the fields of his own farm and held the plow handles behind yokes of oxen.

Although better plows were then available, in slavery days in some portions of the south a plow comprising a blade shaped not unlike a flatiron was attached to the end of a sort of tongue. At the other end of this tongue was a cross-stick which could be used by two men in drawing it. Because of the sandy soil the work was not particularly laborious.

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Growth of the Telephone.

Washington.—There are over 10,000,000 telephone stations in the world. A statistical review of the telephone industry gives this astounding fact and also states that there are over 27,000,000 miles of wire. Two-thirds of the telephones and wire mileage are in the United States. The telephone business is put in the third rank among this country's industries, putting it on the basis of per capita investment. It is slightly exceeded by the iron and steel and the foundry and machine industries. In Europe, Germany leads all other countries in the number of stations, boasting some 900,000. Los Angeles, Cal., leads the world in the number of telephone subscribers to population. Stockholm, Sweden, runs a close second. The telephone investment of the world on January 1, 1910, amounted to \$1,500,000,000, and the telephone conversations for last year numbered 19,000,000,000. We in the United States used nearly two and a half times as many calls as any other country.

Fashion and Happiness. Only those women whom fashion does not affect can be truly happy.—Exchange.

Forget to do any one an injury, but remember to do every one a kindness.

English Queen Honored. London.—The queen has become an honorary member of the Royal British Colonial Society of Artists.

When Inventors Were Few

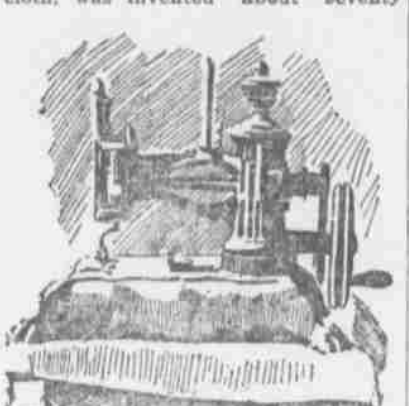
The Beginnings of Now Common Devices for Lightening Manual Labor.

# WHEN INVENTORS WERE FEW

The Beginnings of Now Common Devices for Lightening Manual Labor.

New York.—In this day of great mechanical achievement about all the children of this generation know of the early day sewing machines, bed warmers, household looms and other like necessities of our grandfathers must be gained from old photographs and the printed page. To the past, however, these inventions were fully as notable and important as the modern ones of our day.

In an accompanying cut is shown a chain stitch sewing machine of about a half century ago. The first real sewing machine—one used in sewing cloth, was invented about seventy



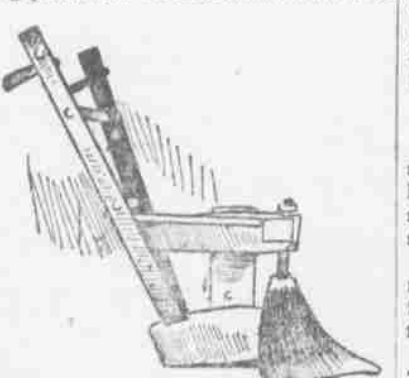
Sewing Machine of Fifty Years Ago.

years ago, and like no many other inventions, it was an American product. More than three-quarters of a century before that there was a machine patented in England for use in sewing embroidery, and in 1770 an improved machine for the same purpose, followed by another for sewing leather gloves. Still others performed crochet work, but none was really intended for the work of the sewing machine which came yet later.

Ellas Howe set the ball rolling in 1846 when he took out his patent for the needle with the eye in the point and the shuttle for uniting two edges in a seam, the stitch being made by interlocking two threads. Like so many inventions of that time he had much difficulty in enlisting the necessary capital to place it on the market. But in the introduction of it the attention of scores of inventors was turned towards the usefulness and necessity for sewing machines, and patents by the hundred subsequently were secured.

The plow has more ancient history than any of the articles mentioned. While the one shown in the illustration goes back nearly a century and a half, the first plows date back to the days before Christ. In fact, the very earliest records speak of the plow. On some of the monuments of Egypt a plow made from the limb of a tree is shown. In Palestine, three sticks arranged to support each other were long used, one of them being sharpened to a wedge. This same type of plow is used today in Ecuador. In some countries camels are used to draw practically the same kind of plow.

In the early part of the eighteenth century in Europe progress began to be made in the construction of plows, the first one coming from Holland to England, where deep tillage was being practised. A Scotchman was next



A Plow Made 150 Years Ago.

to improve on the plow, it is said, and in 1785 a patent was taken out in England for a cast-iron plowshare. Later still came the case hardening or churning.

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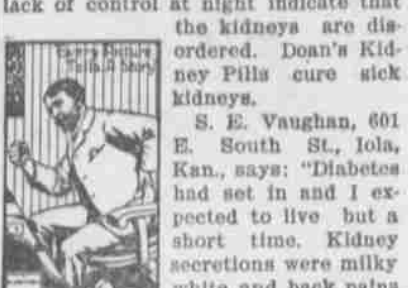
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# ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WELL?

The kidney secretions tell if disease is lurking in the system. Too frequent or scanty urination, discolored urine, lack of control at night indicate that the kidneys are diseased.



ordered. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys.

S. E. Vaughan, 601 E. South St., Iowa, Kan., says: "Diabetes had set in and I expected to live but a short time. Kidney secretions were milky white and back pains were terrible. I was so dizzy my wife had to lead me. After trying everything else, I began with Doan's Kidney Pills and was soon helped. Continued use cured me."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

# ALMOST WORN OUT.



Ella Fontaine—Is your knee tired, dear?

Slenderly—it must be, pet; it's gone to sleep.

All the Difference.

The professor was delivering an eloquent address on cruelty to animals, and, to illustrate how a little judicious forethought would eliminate to a great extent the sufferings that even small insects are subject to, said:

"As I was coming through the hall tonight I saw a bald-headed gentleman very harshly treat a little innocent house-fly which had alighted on his head."

"Now, if there was any justification for such bad temper, I would be quite justified in indulging in it at the present moment, for a fly has just alighted on the back of my head. I can't see it, but I can feel it."

"Possibly some of you can see it now; it is on the top of my head. Now it is coming down my brow; now it is coming on to my— G-r-r-rat pyramids of Egypt, it's a wasp!"

Pipe Gives Cadet Typhoid.

Midshipman Smith, who was stricken with typhoid fever on the Indiana at Plymouth, England, contracted the disease, it is said, from smoking a briar weed nearly a year ago by his roommate at Annapolis who had a bad case of typhoid. This theory is taken as proof that concentrated nicotine cannot destroy a typhoid germ. The medical department of the navy will examine into the theory with the result that midshipmen of the future may confine themselves to their own pipes.

The Stylish Fisherman.

One of the guests of a fashionable summer resort in West Virginia got himself up in his best fishing togs and started along a certain mountain stream.

Meeting a native, he asked: "Here my good man! Kindly tell me whether it would be worth my while to try fishing in this vicinity."

The native regarded him scornfully. "The fishin' ain't good," he finally said "but I ain't informed as to how you values your time."—Lippincott's.

# There Are Reasons

Why so many people have ready-at-hand a package of

# Post Toasties

The DISTINCTIVE FLAVOUR delights the palate.

The quick, easy serving right from the package—requiring only the addition of cream or good milk is an important consideration when breakfast must be ready "on time."

The sweet, crisp food is universally liked by children, and is a great help to Mothers who must give to the youngsters something wholesome that they relish.

The economical feature appeals to everyone—particularly those who wish to keep living expenses within a limit.

Post Toasties are especially pleasing served with fresh sliced peaches.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.